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THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE.







THE RAVEN.

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore
"Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'"

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE

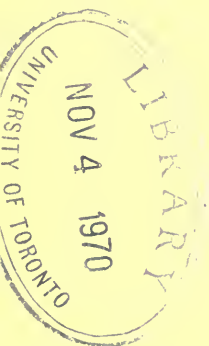
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With Illustrations by

E. H. WEHNERT, JAMES GODWIN, HARRISON WEIR,
F. W. HULME, AND ANELAY

Complete Edition

LONDON
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PRINTED BY BELL AND BAIN
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TO

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

I Dedicate

THIS EDITION OF POE'S POEMS

WITH THE HIGHEST ADMIRATION AND WITH
BROTHERLY REGARD.

J. H.



P R E F A C E.

THESE trifles are collected and republished chiefly with a view to their redemption from the many improvements to which they have been subjected while going at random the "rounds of the press." I am naturally anxious that what I have written should circulate as I wrote it, if it circulate at all. In defence of my own taste, nevertheless, it is incumbent upon me to say that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself. Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence: they must not—they cannot at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind.

E. A. P.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

“ Amabam pulchra inferiora et ibam in profundum. et dicebam amicis meis: Num amamus aliquid nisi pulchrum? Quid est ergo pulchrum? et quid est pulchritudo? Quid est quod nos allicit et conciliat rebus quas amamus? Nisi enim esset in eis decus et species, nullo modo nos ad se moverent. Et ista consideratio scaturivit in animo meo ex intimo corde meo, et scripsi libros.”—S. AUGUSTINI EPISCOP. *Confess.* lib. iv. 20.

WE must all have observed, I am sure, with a great deal of pleasure, how much the literature of our American kinsmen has been spreading amongst us within the last few years. Such men as Washington Irving and Cooper were familiar friends from the first; but they both founded, more or less, on our own classical models. Irving's whole tone of thought

and style, for instance, is English; his sentiment is essentially English. But we are now beginning to get acquainted with writers amongst the Americans who are really national—in the sense that American apples are national. Emerson has a distinct smack of the rich and sunny West; just as the honey in Madeira tastes of violets. Lowell's humour in the "Biglow Papers" is as gloriously Yankee as Burns's humour is gloriously Scotch. Is not the genius of Hawthorne a real native product? And from whom but an American could we have expected such a book as we had the other day in the *Whale* of Herman Melville? such a fresh daring book—wild, and yet true—with its quaint spiritual portraits looking ancient and also fresh, as though Puritanism had been *kept fresh* in the salt water over there, and were looking out living upon us once more. These writers one sees, at all events, have our old English virtue of pluck. They think what they please, and say what they think. And while M'Fungus is concocting philosophical histories in the style of the last century with drums on our ears, these other open-hearted men are getting into all our hearts, and making themselves friends by our firesides. An Englishman ought to require no apology from one who introduces an American Poet to him. I have undertaken this office very cheerfully with regard to EDGAR ALLAN POE. I owe his acquaintance, as I

owe much of the happiness of my life, to the society of friends devoted to art and poetry. His music has made several summers brighter for me; and now that his reputation (the man himself died just three years ago) is appealing for recognition to the English "reading public," I feel that I ought to say a few words about him. At all events, this notice may serve as a finger-post to direct the wanderer to a *tumulus* as worthy of honour as any that has been made on the earth lately.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was a native of Virginia; and as Virginia is richer in good families than other American States, we learn that he was of honourable descent. The name is not a common one in England. There was a Dr. Poe, physician to Queen Elizabeth; and there is a highly-respectable family of the name in Ireland who bear the same coat-armour as the doctor. The poet's great-grandfather, who married a daughter of Admiral M'Bride, was probably of the same *stock*. *His* son was a quarter-master-general in the American line; and his grandson David, the poet's father—commencing an "eccentricity" which, as we shall see, ran in the blood afterwards—married an enchanting actress of uncertain prospects. Having achieved this, David Poe (who was a younger son) took to acting himself; but both he and his wife died young, leaving three children destitute. Edgar (who was born at Baltimore in

January, 1811) accordingly began the world,—for he was thrown thus early on his “own resources,”—as naked as a cherub.

Mr. Allan, a rich gentleman, who had no children of his own, adopted Edgar, brought him to England, where he put him to school at Stoke-Newington. Edgar, who was a “spoilt child,”—a beautiful, witty, precocious boy,—remained at school there for some five years. In 1822 he returned to the United States; went to the academy at Richmond; and thence to the University at Charlottesville. Always he signalized himself by early intellect, quickly learning all that came in his way; brilliant, vivacious, passionate, always—but always “eccentric” in proportion, so that, what with intemperance and insubordination, this youth,—

“ To whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood,”

—was expelled from the University. Distant rumours, and what fly faster than even rumours—bills, kept Mr. Allan informed of the youth’s progress. Mr. A., who seems to have been a good-natured old gentleman of the school of Micio in the *Adelphi*, could pardon a great deal; but there are limits to the patience even of a Micio. Edgar, finding that his bills recoiled on himself as boomerangs do, seems to have tried his satire on the worthy

man; and after writing a sharp letter, went off to the Mediterranean to free the Greeks from the Turkish yoke. We rarely hear of a more heroic project!

I like to think of Poe in the Mediterranean. With his passionate love of the Beautiful—in “the years of April blood,” in a climate which has the perpetual luxury of a bath,—he must have had all his perceptions of the lovely intensified wonderfully. What he did there we have now no means of discovering. He never reached the scene of war, which was, doubtless, a great loss to the Greeks; but he turned up—whence or how no man knows—in St. Petersburg. The American Minister, it seems, had to relieve the youth from “temporary embarrassment;” and he returned to his native land. He now appears to have thought it was time for his friends to exert themselves. Mr. Allan was once more kind and forgiving, and Edgar was entered as a cadet at the Military Academy. In the groves of *that* academy he did not remain long, we may be sure; the fact was, he was “cashiered.”

It seems to have been about this time that he published, while still a boy, his first volume of poems—those comprised in his later collections as “Poems written in Youth.” I agree with all that Lowell says of their wonderful precocity, though I by no means agree with Lowell in his depreciation of Chatterton.

There are, of course, obvious traces of imitation, adoptions of the metres of Scott, imitations of the verse of Byron. But there is the keenest feeling for the Beautiful, which was the predominant feeling of Poe's whole life; there is the loveliest, easiest, joyfullest flow of music throughout. There is, too, what must have been almost instinctive, an exquisite taste—a taste which lay at the very centre of his intellect like a conscience.

We should notice here two phenomena in this volume, both of importance to one who wants to understand Poe as man and poet. There is no trace of any depth of spiritual feeling; no “questioning of destiny;” none of those traces of deep inward emotion which, like the marks of tears, we see on the face of so many a modern muse. On the other hand, though it appears only too certain that his wild passions carried him into most unhappy self-abandonment, his verse is all as pure as wild flowers. This is the way in which the boy Edgar—the rejected of the Military Academy, the rake of Charlottesville, noted for “intemperance” and “other vices”—writes about a girl:—

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
The Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land!

Could anything be more dainty, airy, amber-bright than this is? Its elegance is Horatian. It is *merun-nectar*, as Scaligar says of the Ode to Pyrrha. I do not believe what is asserted, that this was written when Poe was fourteen; but it was undoubtedly written in his earliest youth. Now, Poe may have done this and done that. Youths brought up by fine good-natured old Micios, particularly if their "veins run wine," as is believed of some, will do many strange things. There are hundreds of youths as "wild" as Poe; but this one wrote the above poem. *That* is the interesting fact. A fragment of song like this comes out of the inner being of a man, and the capability of producing it is *the* fact of his nature.

These poems had, as was natural, great success. He was already known as a youth of "genius," one who had shown a certain power of a mysterious character, one who breathed the breath of that sacred

wind which "bloweth where it listeth." But he was still as irregular as ever, having been created to be so, seemingly. He entered as private into a regiment, and again disappeared from his friends. We have a striking account of his next appearance from Mr. Griswold's memoir of him. He turned up once more, "thin, pale, and ghastly," the mark of poverty branded upon him, and began the world now regularly as a "literary man." He soon got employment; he was a scholar, had read a great deal, and was not wanting in people to encourage him. There still remained, however, one step to take. Edgar, while his income was about a hundred a-year, thought it was time to marry. He married accordingly—a most beautiful girl, of course. She was his cousin, Virginia Clemm—"as poor as himself," says Griswold, grimly. A most amiable, lovable, and lovely person, however,—which some people think the most important consideration,—she appears to have been. Whenever the curtain of Poe's private life is pulled aside,—which is not frequently, for his biographers and countrymen tell us more of his misdoings generally than of his home,—for he had a home,—we get a glimpse of her beautiful face—cheerful, affectionate always—sad, alas, latterly, but still, like Oriana's, "sweet" as well as "pale and meek." How little do we know of the wives of famous men! What idea do we carry away of any of the three Mrs.

Miltons? Of all the goodness of the wife of "brave old Samuel?" Of the tenderness and affection of Mrs. Fielding? To us they are barely names; but we ought to hear more of them.

Poe's life henceforth is the life of a man-of-letters by profession, and, on the whole, it is a melancholy history. No man can complain that there is not in the literary profession as much—indeed, there is more—allowance made for frailties, eccentricities, shortcomings of all kinds, than there is in other departments of active life in our modern social state. When, therefore, we find Edgar Poe quarrelling with so many people with whom he had business relations, continually in miserable embarrassments when he had a pen which could command money, what can we say? A career like that of our old Savages and Boyeses,—as his, too often, was,—what can we make of it? We must even admit that his misery was mainly caused by the "dissipation" which we find universally attributed to him. All his aspirations, his fine sensibilities, sought wildly for their gratification through the medium of the senses. The beauty which he loved with his whole soul, he madly endeavoured to grasp in the forms of sheer indulgence. Like Marlow's *Faustus*, he used his genius to procure him self-gratification, and always at the end of such a career, it is the devil, as our pious old singers believed, who waits for the hero.

In truth, it was the Beautiful that he loved with his entire nature. In sorrowful forms, sombre or grotesque forms—brilliant and musical, or scientific forms, he sought the Beautiful; and in all these forms his writings have embodied it. In his life, too, he loved the emotions which the Beautiful produces; but we know from the *Phædrus*, old wisdom yet new, “that though the beautiful be the dearest and most lovable of all things,” yet that “he who hath not been lately initiated in the mysteries, or rather has become depraved, is not easily excited to the true beauty itself, but only to a certain likeness of it, which goes by its name; and so he does not venerate it, but, after the manner of animals, striveth after pleasure.” And thus Edgar Poe drew a sensual veil across the vision of his soul, and in that blinded way sinned; and sinning, suffered.

Other men have been as reckless as he in their youth, yet have escaped out of it, and risen into clear day. But he did not,—he made strong efforts,—he fell, however, finally.

From the period of his marriage, as I have said, he made literature his profession, and was connected at different periods with leading American journals. Occasionally he produced one of the few poems which compose his collection; “The Raven” in particular excited immense attention. He wrote Tales and Essays, and Reviews of all that was noticeable in

American literature; the latter, in his work the *Literati*, I have read, and admire their sharp cutting vividness of analysis. They show a man of large and various literary attainments (he always passed for one of the best scholars of America), with a spice of that bitterness which sprang from his misanthropy; for poor Edgar, as Griswold dryly and solidly informs us, "considered society as principally composed of villains!" He hated and despised the blockheads who, perhaps from no virtue of their own, were exempt from *his* failings and consequent sufferings; but, unhappily, the blockheads, in their condemnation of Edgar, were but too often in the right. Yet let not such, there or elsewhere, be too harsh on the failings of a fine nature, and the degradation of a noble mind. Who shall explain the mysteries of temperament? Who calculate the force of circumstances? The spiritual part of this man, of which a specimen remains with us, was highly beautiful, and allied to the perennial beauty! Let solid excellence of the epitaph description remember, that perhaps all its parlour virtues are not worth one hour of Coleridge's remorse.

I have hinted above that it is difficult to get such details of the better part of Edgar's life as would enable me to give some little picture of him. WILLIS has written a fine graceful sketch, both manly and tender, of him, and describes him as "a winning, sad-mannered gentleman." But Willis never visited

his home, and cannot be said to have been intimate with him. Yet we hear of the air of simplicity and elegance which pervaded the poet's house,—we have a glimpse of it from the pen of Frances Osgood,—we see the poet industrious, playful, with his beautiful and affectionate Virginia with him, and her mother, whose name is never to be mentioned in the history of Poe's life without signal honour. Maria Clemm, his mother-in-law, was truly a mother to him, faithful to him through all the strange fortune which he underwent, with true womanly constancy.

His portrait, prefixed to the American edition, is a very interesting—a very characteristic one. A fine thoughtful face you see at once, with lineaments of delicacy, such as belong only to genius or high blood. The forehead is grand and pale, the eyes dark, gleaming with sensibility and the light of soul. A face of passion it is, and in the lower part wants firmness,—a face that would inspire women with sentiment, men with interest and curiosity.

His wife died,—they had had no children. His “Annabel Lee” records his recollection of her with something more than tenderness. I suppose his wayward ways caused her much sorrow; but they loved each other truly. She seems to have been a simple, affectionate creature, contented on very easy terms, rich with a heart that could bear much, and, most likely, placed its highest hopes elsewhere. She, at all events, did her duty in all purity and

goodness, and is gone where these virtues are better understood than here.

Poe had been lecturing on the "Universe" in 1848, and producing his strange great book *Eureka*, on which I shall not attempt to speak critically. In the autumn of 1849 he had, after a sad fit of insane debauchery, made one vigorous effort to emerge. He joined a Temperance Society,—he led a quiet life,—and his marriage was talked of. But on the evening of the 6th of October, 1849,—a Saturday evening,—passing through Baltimore on his way to New York, accident threw him among some old acquaintances. He plunged into intoxication; and on the Sunday morning he was carried to an hospital, where he died that same evening, at the age of thirty-eight years. No details have been given of this last scene: let us be thankful that we bear not that pain in our memory!

It remains that I should say something of his genius, and the fruits of it which remain with us. Of his character, what is there to say? "Theory" of it, or how to "explain" this and that about such a problem, so as to pronounce what his life meant,—only the presumption of pedants ventures on decisions about these matters now-a-days. There is something about the "mystery of a Person"* which we should be very cautious in explaining, though

* CARLYLE.

there are some who think that from a *post-mortem* examination of the body you can learn the soul of a man. The conditions of a man's life, complex as they are, make the real understanding of his character very difficult. Too often, particularly in artificial ages like ours, a man's whole career has to be run, like a race at a fair, in a sack. Many a man never gets fair play—sometimes is born with a constitution that won't permit it—sometimes is born into circumstances that will not. Let us be charitable. Southey's "Doctor," when he heard of a Toper, was wont to say compassionately, "Bibulous clay, sir—bibulous clay!" I would not put forward this compendious excuse for Poe; but we must allow for infirmity in the man. He was indulged early; he was seduced by example. *Because* he left traces of something high and beautiful in him in spite of this, don't let us make that a reason for being harsher on him than on the frail mortals of his race. One pious scribbler told us—very soon after his death—(have they not in America, as here, a rule at all cemeteries that "no dogs are admitted"?) that

"His faults were many, his virtues few."

But I learn from those who knew him—men like my friend, BUCHANAN READ, himself a fine, graceful, tender poet—that his friends loved him, and that those who understood him pardoned his infirmities. Much more should they be pardoned now to one,

“Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green.”—BRYANT.

It has been remarked of him that he united singularly the qualities of the Poet with the faculties of the Analyst. He wrote charming little ballads, and was a curious disentangler of evidence—criminal evidence, for instance—and fond of problems and cipher. The union is indubitable; but I scarcely think it should have been so much dwelt upon. Every man of fine intellect of the highest class includes a capacity more or less for all branches of inquiry. Carlyle was distinguished in arithmetic long before he became the Teacher which we hail him as now. On the other hand, inventors in the regions of mechanics partake of something poetic in their inspiration. Brindley was as eccentric as Goldsmith. Watt would muse over a tea-kettle, as Rousseau did over *la pervenche*, or over the lake into which he dropped sentimental tears. One very curious theory was hit upon by a solid critic a little while ago to explain Poe's two-handedness. He knew that Poe wrote fine poetry—he knew Poe made subtle calculations; and what was his inference? *Credite posteri!* He insisted that the calculating faculty was *the* fact, and that the poetry was calculation. I scarcely ever remember a more curious instance of the “cart being put before the horse”—by the ass! Nothing can be more clear, to be

sure, than that Poe employed a great deal of ingenuity and calculation in the finishing of his tales and polishing of his poems. But all this leaves the poetic inspiration pure at the bottom as the essential fact. Otherwise, if we are to make the calculating the predominant faculty, we may look out for a volume of Sonnets by Cocker! Poe has admitted us, in one of his essays, to the *genesis* of "The Raven," and has even told us which stanza he wrote first, and on what mechanical principles he managed the arrangement of the story. But surely all this presupposes the pure creative genius necessary to the conception?

Keeping the distinction in view, we shall easily see that all his Tales—analytic and other—resolve themselves into poems, instead of the poems resolving themselves into machinery. The "Gold Bug," for example, makes a most ingenious use of cipher, but the cipher is only *matériel*. Without creative genius mere cipher is an affair for the Foreign Office—which still remains a very inferior place to Parnassus. The same remark applies to his other poetical exercises—for such they are—in Mesmerism, Physics, Circumstantial Evidence, &c. Far from being a narrow student of the details of these, he always has clearly an eye in using them to the poetic goal or result.

However, it is with his Poems that our main business is just now. I should say that he was a true poet, first of all. I mean simply, that his view

of a piece of scenery, or an event, or a condition of human suffering or joy, will tell itself to you from his lips in a music inseparable from it, and by dint of perception into the heart of the feelings which such scenery, or event, or condition would naturally awaken in every human soul. There is no occasion for going into recondite inquiries about the "nature of the poet." We see how GOETHE had tired of all that when he tells Eckermann, "lively feeling of situations and power to express them make the poet." I say, take the verses "To Helen," "The Bridal Ballad," "The Sleeper;" take these two lines,—

"The sad waters, sad and chilly,
With the snows of the lolling lily,"—

if we do not find poetry in these places, where are we to look for it? It is easy to talk about the "deep heart," &c., and there are half-a-dozen unreadable gentlemen always ready to assure one that poetry is gone to the dogs—all except their own; but submit Poe's volume to persons most habitually conversant with all poetry, and they will admit that the charm of it is in his book. Those who may deny that he is a *great*, have no right to deny that he is a *true*, poet. As *un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme*, so a real poet, of course, ranks with the family. The head of a family is, perhaps, a duke; but every cadet, however distant, shares the blood.

My remark on a point in his youthful poems ex-

tends to all his poems. Traces of spiritual emotion are not to be found there. Sorrow there is, but not divine sorrow. There is not any approach to the Holy—to the holiness which mingles with all Tennyson's poetry—as the Presence with the wine. And yet, when you view his poems simply as poems, this characteristic does not make itself felt as a want. It would seem as if he had only to deal with the Beautiful as a human aspirant. His soul thirsted for the "supernal loveliness." That thirst was to him religion—all the religion you discover in him. But if we cannot call him religious, we may say that he supplies the materials of worship. You want flowers and fruit for your altar; and wherever Poe's muse has passed, flowers and fruit are fairer and brighter.

With all this passion for the Beautiful, no poet was ever less voluptuous. He never profaned his genius, whatever else he profaned. "Irene," "Ullume," "Lenore," "Annabel Lee," "Annie," are all gentle, and innocent, and fairy-like. A sound of music—rising as from an unseen Ariel, brings in a most pure and lovely figure—sad, usually; so delicate and dreamy are these conceptions, that indeed they hint only of some transcendent beauty—some region where passion has no place, where

"Music, and moonlight, and feeling,
Are one,"

as Shelley says.

Poe loved splendour,—he delighted in the gorgeous—in ancient birth—in tropical flowers—in southern birds—in castellated dwellings. The hero of his “Raven” sits on a “violet velvet lining;” the dead have “crested palls.” He delighted, as Johnson says of Collins, “to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.” His scenery is everywhere magnificent. His genius is always waited upon with the splendour of an oriental monarch.

I have spoken of the tinge of melancholy which gives an effect like moonlight to all that he has done. I have said elsewhere that his “genius, like the eyes of a southern girl, is at once dark and luminous.”* “The Raven,” “Ulalume,” “For Annie,” all turn on death. And this melancholy, too, is of a heathen character. You might say that this book is *funestus*. The stamp of sorrow is upon it,—as cypress hung over the doors of a house among the ancients when death had entered there. Remembering this, one must admit that his range is narrow. He has, for instance, no humour—he had little sympathy with the various forms of man’s life. No one can claim for him a rich dramatic humanity, such as makes much of the charm and some of the greatness of our great poet Browning. But he is perfectly poetic in his own province. If his circle is a narrow, it is a

* *Singleton Fontenoy*, vol. ii.

magic one. His poetry is sheer poetry, and borrows nothing from without, as didactic poetry does. For didactic poetry he had a very strong and a very natural dislike.

His melody is his own. You will find a music in each poem which is inseparable from the sentiment of it. He gives a certain musical air, as a soul, to each poem, but he works up the details of the execution like an artist. Witness "The Raven" or "The Bells." Everything he has done is finished in detail, and has received its final touches. He had an exquisite eye for proportion, and every little poem is carved like a cameo.

Such are the hints which I have to prefix to this American poet. And with three-times-three from a select band of his admirers he is now launched on the English public!

JAMES HANNAY.

LONDON, *November*, 1852.

TO
THE NOBLEST OF HER SEX, -

TO THE AUTHOR OF
"THE DRAMA OF EXILE,"—

TO
MISS ELIZABETH BARRET BARRET,
OF ENGLAND,

I Dedicate this Volume,

WITH THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRATION AND
WITH THE MOST SINCERE ESTEEM.

F. A. P.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE RAVEN.

I.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
 weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
 lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
 a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my
 chamber door.
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my
 chamber door;
 Only this, and nothing more.”

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak
December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the
lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

III.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door;
This it is, and nothing more.”

IV.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping—tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you:” here I opened wide the door:—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

V.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word “Lenore!”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word “Lenore!”

Merely this, and nothing more.

VI.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than
before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore;

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

VII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

VIII.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I
said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from
the Nightly shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

IX.

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy
bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

X.

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then
he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

XI.

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store;
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one
burden bore—
'Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden
bore,

Of 'Never, nevermore.'"

XII.

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and omi-
nous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

XIII.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

XIV.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe, from thy memories
of Lenore!

Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

XV.

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!—

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me,
I implore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

XVI.

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore—

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

XVII.

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I
shrieked, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

XVIII.

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that
is dreaming,¹
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore !*

* There is a curious little paper on the *genesis* of this poem, by Poe, in one of his Essays, “The Philosophy of Composition;” *Works*, vol. ii., p. 259. No single poem ever had greater success in America.



LENORE.

I.

AN, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown for
ever!

Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian
river;

And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now, or
nevermore?

See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love
Lenore!

Come, let the burial rite be read, the funeral song be
 sung;
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so
 young,—
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died so
 young.

II.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her
 for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health ye blessed her,
 that she died !
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read—the requiem how
 be sung,
By you—by yours, the evil eye—by yours, the slan-
 derous tongue,
That did to death the innocence that died, and died
 so young ?”

III.

Peccavimus; but rave not thus; and let a Sabbath
 song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no
 wrong:

The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope,
that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have
been thy bride;
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly
lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her
eyes,—
The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her
eyes.

IV.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I
upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old
days.
Let *no* bell toll; lest her sweet soul, amid its hal-
lowed mirth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the
damnèd earth.
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant
ghost is riven;
From hell unto a high estate far up within the
heaven;
From grief and groan, to a golden throne beside the
King of heaven."

H Y M N.

AT morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria, thou hast heard my hymn :
In joy and woe, in good and ill,
Mother of God, be with me still !
When the hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee.
Now, when storms of fate o'ercast
Darkly my present and my past,
Let my future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine !

A VALENTINE.

FOR her this rhyme is penned whose luminous eyes,
 Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,
 Shall find her own sweet name, that nestling lies
 Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.
 Search narrowly the lines; they hold a treasure
 Divine—a talisman, an amulet
 That must be worn *at heart*; search well the measure,
 The words, the syllables; do not forget
 The triviallest point, or you may lose your labour.
 And yet there is in this no Gordian knot,
 Which one might not undo without a sabre,
 If one could merely comprehend the plot.
 Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering
 Eyes scintillating soul, there lie *perdus*
 Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing
 Of poets by poets,—as the name is a poet's too.
 Its letters, although naturally lying
 Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—
 Still form a synonym for truth.—Cease trying:
 You will not read the riddle, though you do the
 best you *can* do.*

* FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, the poetess,—dead, since Poe.
 For her opinion of him, see Griswold's *Memoir*.—ED.

A N E N I G M A.

"SELDOM we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,
 "Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet:
 Through all the flimsy things we see at once,
 As easily as through a Naples' bonnet—
 Trash of all trash—how *can* a lady don it?
 Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff—
 Owl-downy nonsense, that the faintest puff
 Twirls *into* trunk-paper the while you con it."
 And, veritably, Sol is right enough:
 The general tuckermanities are arrant
 Bubbles ephemeral and *so* transparent;
 But *this* is now—you may depend upon it—
 Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint
 Of the dear names that lie concealed within't.*

In the last two poems, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name of the persons to whom addressed will thus appear.

* See Poe's *Literati*, p. 242.—ED.

TO — — —
—

Not long ago, the writer of these lines,
 In the mad pride of intellectuality,
 Maintained "the power of words;" denied that ever
 A thought arose within the human brain
 Beyond the utterance of the human tongue:
 And now, as if in mockery of that boast,
 Two words—two foreign, soft dissyllables,
 Italian tones, made only to be murmured
 By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew,
 That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill"—
 Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart
 Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,
 Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions
 Than even the seraph harper Israfel
 (Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures")
 Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken;
 The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand:
 With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,
 I cannot write—I cannot speak or think—
 Alas! I cannot feel; for 'tis not feeling,
 This standing motionless upon the golden

Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,
Gazing entranced adown the gorgeous vista,
And thrilling, as I see upon the right,
Upon the left, and all the way along,
Amid unpurpled vapours far away
To where the prospect terminates—*thee only*.



THE COLISEUM.

I.

TYPE of the antique Rome ! rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power !
At length, at length, after so many days

Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie),
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

II.

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength:
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

III.

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic Eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

IV.

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened
shafts—

These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones, alas! these gray stones, are they all,
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours to Fate and me?

“Not all!” the echoes answer me; “not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud arise for ever
From us, and from all ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”



TO HELEN.*

I.

I saw thee once—once only—years ago—
I must not say *how* many, but *not* many:
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
'There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,

* Founded, we are told, on a real adventure.—ED.

Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses,
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses,
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.

II.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the upturned faces of the roses.
And on thine own, upturn'd, alas, in sorrow!

III.

Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight,—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me—(O Heaven! O God!
How my heart beats in coupling those two words
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—

And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out;
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more; the very roses' odours
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All—all expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me;
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep,
How fathomless a capacity for love!

IV.

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*
They *would not* go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night.

They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me—they lead me through the years.
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty, *to be saved* by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with beauty (which is hope),
And are far up in heaven—the stars I kneel to
In the sad silent watches of my night;
While ever, in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

T O M Y M O T H E R.*

BECAUSE I feel that in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find among their burning terms of love
None so devotional as that of "mother,"
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—
You, who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed you
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who died early—
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that affinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

* Addressed to a lady who well deserved that name from Poe—MARIA CLEMM, his mother-in-law. See Willis's *Hurry Graphs*.—ED.



THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
 Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats,
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells

On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum-bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now, now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody com-
pels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone,
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls;
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells;
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells
In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.



ANNABEL LEE.

"So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me."

ANNABEL LEE.

I.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

II.

I was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

III.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen* came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

* Viz., the angels,—a graceful fancy.—ED.

IV.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

V.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

VI.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.



EULALIE.

I.

I DWELT alone

In a world of moan,

And my soul was a stagnant tide,

Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing
bride,—

Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my
smiling bride.

II.

Ah, less, less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl;
And never a flake
That the vapour can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded
curl,—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most
humble and careless curl.

III.

Now doubt, now pain
Come never again;
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines bright and strong
Astarté within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron
eye,—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet
eye.

ULALUME.

I.

THE skies they were ashen and sober ;
 The leaves they were crispèd and sere,—
 The leaves they were withering and sere ;
 It was night in the lonesome October
 Of my most immemorial year ;
 It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir,—
 It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

II.

Here once, through an alley 'Titanic
 Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul,—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
 These were days when my heart was volcanic
 As the scoriac rivers that roll,—
 As the lavas that restlessly roll
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole,—
 That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

III.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,—
Our memories were treacherous and sere;
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)—
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

IV.

And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn,—
As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,—
Astarté's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

V.

And I said, "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,—
She revels in a region of sighs:

She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies:
Come up in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes;
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

VI.

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly, this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust—
Oh, hasten! oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust,
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

VII.

I replied, "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light;
Let us bathe in this crystalline light:

Its sybillic splendour is beaming
With hope and in beauty to-night :—
See! it flickers up the sky through the night;
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night.”

VIII.

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said, “What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?”
She replied, “Ulalume—Ulalume—
’Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!”

IX.

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,
As the leaves that were withering and sere;



ULALUME.

"I replied, 'This is nothing but dreaming :
Let us on by this tremulous light.'"

And I cried, "It was surely October,
On *this* very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here!
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir,
Well, I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

TO F——S S. O——D.

THOU wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not;
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love a simple duty.



THE SLEEPER.

I.

AT midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon:
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim:
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain-top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.

The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see, the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All beauty sleeps!—and, lo, where lies
(Her casement open to the skies)
Irene, with her destinies!

II.

O lady bright, can it be right,
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs from the tree-top
Laughingly through the lattice drop;
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully, so fearfully,
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!
O lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees.

Strange is thy pallor, strange thy dress,
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all-solemn silentness

III.

The lady sleeps ! O, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep !
Heaven have her in its sacred keep !
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
For ever with unopened eye,
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by !

IV.

My love, she sleeps ! O, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep !
Soft may the worms about her creep !
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold—
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And wingèd panels fluttering back
Triumphant o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals ;
Some sepulchre remote, alone,
Against whose portal she had thrown,

In childhood, many an idle stone ;
Some tomb, from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin,
It was the dead who groaned within.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.*

I.

IN the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace,
 Radiant palace, reared its head.
 In the Monarch Thought's dominion,
 It stood there:
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair!

II.

Banners—yellow, glorious, golden—
 On its roof did float and flow
 (This, all this, was in the olden
 Time, long ago);

* The melody of this poem has been impudently borrowed by an English versifier since the first edition was published.—ED. (1856).

And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odour went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
20 To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(PorphYROgene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace-door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate);
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

TO ZANTE.

FAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers
 Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take,
 How many memories of what radiant hours
 At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
 How many scenes of what departed bliss!
 How many thoughts of what entombèd hopes!
 How many visions of a maiden that is
 No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes!
No more! alas, that magical sad sound
 Transforming all! Thy charms shall please *no more*,
 Thy memory *no more!* Accursèd ground
 Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,
 O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
 “Isola d’oro! Fior di Levante!”



DREAMLAND.

I.

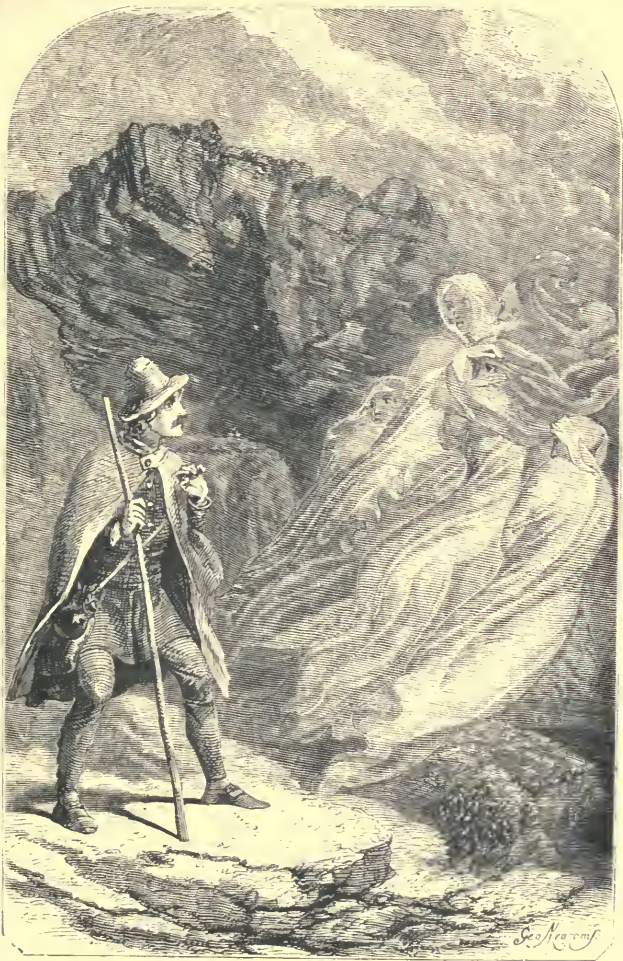
By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, namèd NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild weird clime that lieth sublime
Out of SPACE—out of TIME.

II.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms and caves and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over ;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore ;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging unto skies of fire ;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—
Their still waters, still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

III.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily ;
By the mountains—near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever ;
By the gray woods—by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp ;
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the ghouls ;
By each spot the most unholy,
In each nook most melancholy,—



DREAMLAND.

“There the traveller meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the Past,—
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by,—
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the Earth, and Heaven.”

There the traveller meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the Past,—
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by,—
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.

IV.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region;
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis—O, 'tis an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not, dare not openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its king, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the sad soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

V.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, namèd NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

I.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West;
Where the good and the bad, and the worst and
the best,
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

II.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town,
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—

Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine,
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

III.

There open fanes, and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heaving hints that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

IV.

But, lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide,—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
 Shall do it reverence.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

I.

THOU wast that all to me, love,
 For which my soul did pine—
 A green isle in the sea, love,
 A fountain and a shrine,
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
 And all the flowers were mine.

II.

Ah, dream, too bright to last!
 Ah, starry hope, that didst arise
 But to be overcast!
 A voice from out the future cries,
 “On! on!”—but o’er the past
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
 Mute, motionless, aghast!

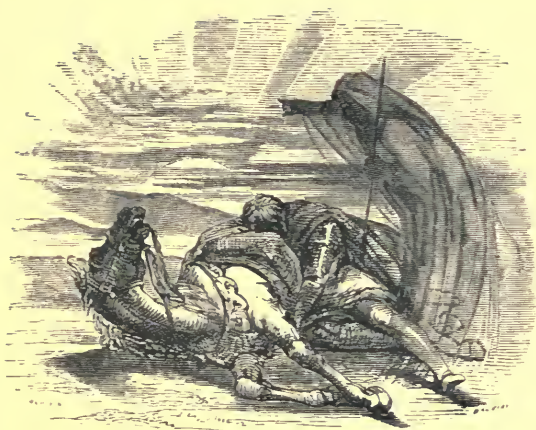
III.

For, alas, alas, with me
 The light of life is o’er!
 “No more—no more—no more—”

(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

IV.

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams;
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.



ELDORADO.

I.

GAILY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song.
In search of Eldorado.

II.

But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

III.

And as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow;
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

IV

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The Shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell :
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly from their azure towers
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides !
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even.

Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye—
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave—from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops;
They weep—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.



A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

"I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore;
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand."

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

I.

TAKE this kiss upon the brow;
 And in parting from you now.
 Thus much let me avow:
 You are not wrong, who deem
 That my days have been a dream;
 Yet if hope has flown away
 In a night or in a day,
 In a vision or in none,
 Is it therefore the less *gone*?
All that we see or seem
 Is but a dream within a dream.

II.

I stand amid the roar
 Of a surf-tormented shore;
 And I hold within my hand
 Grains of the golden sand:
 How few! yet how they creep
 Through my fingers to the deep,
 While I weep—while I weep!

O God, can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God, can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

S I L E N C E.

THERE are some qualities, some incorporate things,
 That have a double life, which thus is made
 A type of that twin entity which springs
 From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.
 There is a twofold *Silence*—sea and shore—
 Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places
 Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn graces,
 Some human memories and tearful lore,
 Render him terrorless: his name's "No more."
 He is the corporate Silence: dread him not!
 No power hath he of evil in himself;
 But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)
 Bring thee to meet his shadow—nameless elf,
 That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
 No foot of man,—commend thyself to God!

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

I.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years!
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears,
 Sit in a theatre, to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully
 The music of the spheres.

II.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
 Mutter and mumble low,
 And hither and thither fly;
 Mere puppets they, who come and go
 At bidding of vast formless things,
 That shift the scenery to and fro,
 Flapping from out their condor wings
 Invisible woe!

III.

That motley drama—O, be sure
 It shall not be forgot;

With its phantom chased for evermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And much of madness, and more of sin,
And horror the soul of the plot.

IV.

But, see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude—
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

V.

Out, out are the lights—out all!
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm;
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

FOR ANNIE.

I.

THANK Heaven, the crisis,
 The danger is past,
 And the lingering illness
 Is over at last;
 And the fever called "living"
 Is conquered at last.

II.

Sadly I know
 I am shorn of my strength,
 And no muscle I move
 As I lie at full length:
 But no matter; I feel
 I am better at length.

III.

And I rest so composedly
 Now in my bed,
 That any beholder
 Might fancy me dead—
 Might start at beholding me,
 Thinking me dead.

IV.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart:—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

V.

The sickness, the nausea,
The pitiless pain,
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain—
With the fever called “living,”
That burned in my brain.

VI.

And, O! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst:
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst:—

VII.

Of a water that flows
With a lullaby sound,

From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

VIII.

And, ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

IX.

My tantalised spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses.

X.

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odour
About it, of pansies—

A rosemary odour,
Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

XI.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

XII.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

XIII.

When the light was extinguished
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

XIV.

And I lie so composedly
Now in my bed,
Knowing her love,
That you fancy me dead ;
And I rest so contentedly
Now in my bed,
With her love at my breast,
That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead.

XV.

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

BRIDAL BALLAD.

I.

THE ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

II.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell,
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed *his* who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

III.

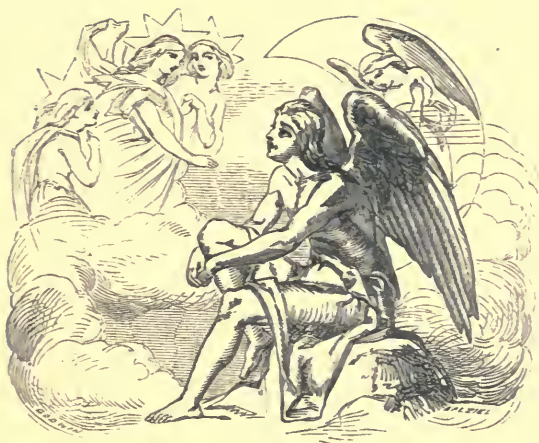
But he spoke to reassure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the churchyard bore me.
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"O, I am happy now!"

IV.

And thus the words were spoken,
And this the plighted vow;
And though my faith be broken,
And though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That *proves* me happy now.

V

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,—
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.



ISRAFEL.*

I.

IN heaven a spirit doth dwell
 “Whose heart-strings are a lute ;”
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel ;
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

* “And the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.”—*Koran*.

II.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured Moon
Blushes with love ;
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiades even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in heaven.

III.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings,—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

IV.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up god—
Where the houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

V.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
 Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
 Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live and long!

VI.

The ecstasies above
 With thy burning measure suit;
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
 With the fervour of thy lute:
Well may the stars be mute!

VII.

Yes, heaven is thine; but this
 Is a world of sweets and sour;
Our flowers are merely flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
 Is the sunshine of ours.

VIII.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,

He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

TO F——.

I.

BELOVED ! amid the earnest woes
 That crowd around my early path
 (Drear path, alas ! where grows
 Not even one lonely rose),
 My soul at least a solace hath
 In dreams of thee, and therein knows
 An Eden of bland repose.

II.

And thus thy memory is to me
 Like some enchanted far-off isle
 In some tumultuous sea—
 Some ocean, throbbing far and free
 With storms—but where meanwhile
 Serenest skies continually
 Just o'er that one bright island smile.

TO —

I HEED not that my earthly lot
Hath little of earth in it;
That years of love have been forgot
In the hatred of a minute:
I mourn not that the desolate
Are happier, sweet, than I;
But that *you* sorrow for *my* fate,
Who am a passer-by.

SCENES FROM "POLITIAN,"

An unpublished Drama;

AND

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

NOTE TO "POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH."

Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed *verbatim*, without alteration from the original edition, the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.—E. A. P.

His first publication, I believe, was as early as 1827.—ED.



SCENES FROM "POLITIAN." *

I

ROME.—A Hall in a Palace. ALESSANDRA and CASTIGLIONE.

Aless. Thou art sad, Castiglione.

Cas.

Sad!—not I.

O, I'm the happiest, happiest man in Rome:
A few days more, thou knowest, my Alessandra,
Will make thee mine. O, I am very happy!

* "Politian" was a juvenile production, and is the least meritorious work Poe has left.—ED.

Aless. Methinks thou hast a singular way of showing
Thy happiness. What ails thee, cousin of mine ?
Why didst thou sigh so deeply ?

Cas. Did I sigh ?
I was not conscious of it. It is a fashion,
A silly—a most silly fashion, I have
When I am *very* happy. Did I sigh ? (*sighing.*)

Aless. Thou didst. Thou art not well. Thou hast
indulged
Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.
Late hours and wine, Castiglione,—these
Will ruin thee. Thou art already altered—
Thy looks are haggard: nothing so wears away
The constitution as late hours and wine.

Cas. (*musings*) Nothing, fair cousin, nothing—not
even deep sorrow—
Wears it away like evil hours and wine.
I will amend.

Aless. Do it. I would have thee drop
Thy riotous company too—fellows low-born
Ill suit the like with old Di Broglio's heir
And Alessandra's husband.

Cas. I will drop them.

Aless. Thou wilt—thou must ! Attend thou also
more
To thy dress and equipage,—they are over plain
For thy lofty rank and fashion: much depends
Upon appearances.

Cas. I'll see to it.

Aless. Then see to it! Pay more attention, sir,
To a becoming carriage: much thou wantest
In dignity.

Cas. Much, much—O, much I want
In proper dignity.

Aless. (*haughtily*) Thou mockest me, sir.

Cas. (*abstractedly*) Sweet, gentle Lalage!

Aless. Heard I aright?

I speak to him—he speaks of Lalage!

Sir Count! (*places her hand on his shoulder*) what, art
thou dreaming? He's not well!

What ails thee, sir?

Cas. (*starting*) Cousin!—fair cousin!—madam!

I crave thy pardon—indeed, I am not well.

Your hand from off my shoulder, if you please.

This air is most oppressive.—Madam—the duke!

Enter DI BROGLIO.

Di Brog. My son, I've news for thee.—Hey, what's
the matter? (*observing Alessandra.*)

I' the pouts? Kiss her, Castiglione!—kiss her,

You dog! and make it up, I say, this minute.

I've news for you both: Politian is expected

Hourly in Rome—Politian, Earl of Leicester.

We'll have him at the wedding. 'Tis his first visit

To the imperial city.

Aless. What! Politian
Of Britain, Earl of Leicester?

Di Brog. The same, my love. .
We'll have him at the wedding. A man quite young
In years, but gray in fame. I have not seen him,
But rumour speaks of him as of a prodigy
Pre-eminent in arts, and arms, and wealth,
And high descent. We'll have him at the wedding.

Aless. I heard much of this Politian.
Gay, volatile, and giddy, is he not,
And little given to thinking?

Di Brog. Far from it, love.
No branch, they say, of all philosophy
So deep abstruse he has not mastered it:
Learned as few are learned.

Aless. 'Tis very strange!
I have known men have seen Politian,
And sought his company. They speak of him
As of one who entered madly into life,
Drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs.

Cas. Ridiculous! Now *I* have seen Politian,
And know him well—nor learned nor mirthful he.
He is a dreamer, and a man shut out
From common passions.

Di Brog. Children, we disagree.
Let us go forth and taste the fragrant air
Of the garden. Did I dream, or did I hear
Politian was a *melancholy* man?

[*Exeunt.*



II.

ROME.—A Lady's Apartment, with a window open, and looking into a garden. LALAGE, in deep mourning, reading at a table, on which lies some books and a hand-mirror. In the background, JACINTA (a servant-maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.

Lal. Jacinta! is it thou?

Jac. (*pertly*) Yes, ma'am, I'm here.

Lal. I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting.

Sit down:—let not my presence trouble you.

Sit down:—for I am humble, most humble.

Jac. (aside)

'Tis time.

[Jacinta seats herself in a side-long manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look. Lalage continues to read.]

Lal. “It in another climate, so he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not i’ this soil.

[Pauses, turns over some leaves, and resumes.]

No lingering winters there, nor snow nor shower;
But Ocean ever to refresh mankind
Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind.”
O, beautiful! most beautiful!—how like
To what my fevered soul doth dream of heaven!
O happy land! (*pauses.*) She died!—the maiden died!
O, still more happy maiden who couldst die!—
Jacinta!

[Jacinta returns no answer, and Lalage presently resumes.]

Again!—a similar tale
Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea.
Thus speaketh one Ferdinand, in the words of the
play,—
“She died full young”—one Bossola answers him—
“I think not so; her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.” Ah, luckless lady! —
Jacinta! (*Still no answer.*)

Here's a far sterner story,
 But like—O, very like in its despair,
 Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily
 A thousand hearts—losing at length her own.
 She died. Thus endeth the history, and her maids
 Lean over her and weep,—two gentle maids
 With gentle names—Eiros and Charmion!
 Rainbow and Dove!—Jacinta!

Jac. (pettishly) Madam, what *is* it?

Lal. Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind
 As go down in the library, and bring me
 The holy evangelists?

Jac. Pshaw! *[Exit.*

Lal. If there be balm
 For the wounded spirit in Gilead, it is there:
 Dew in the night-time of my bitter trouble
 Will there be found,—“dew sweeter far than that
 Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill.”

Re-enter JACINTA, and throws a volume on the table.

Jac. There, ma'am, 's the book.—Indeed she is
 very troublesome. *(Aside.)*

Lal. (astonished) What didst thou say, Jacinta?
 Have I done aught

To grieve thee or to vex thee?—I am sorry;
 For thou hast served me long, and ever been
 Trustworthy and respectful. *[Resumes her reading.*

Jac. I can't believe

She has any more jewels; no, no; she gave me all. (*Aside.*)

Lal. What didst thou say, Jacinta? Now, I be-
think me,

Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.
How fares good Ugo—and when is it to be?
Can I do aught? Is there no further aid
Thou needest, Jacinta?

Jac. Is there no *further* aid?

That's meant for me. (*Aside.*)—I'm sure, madam, you
need not

Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.

Lal. Jewels, Jacinta! Now, indeed, Jacinta,
I thought not of the jewels.

Jac. O, perhaps not!

But then I might have sworn it. After all,
'There's Ugo says the ring is only paste,
For he's sure the Count Castiglione never
Would have given a real diamond to such as you:
And, at the best, I'm certain, madam, you cannot
Have use for jewels *now*. But I might have sworn
it. [*Exit.*

[*Lalage bursts into tears, and leans her head upon the
table; after a short pause raises it.*

Lal. Poor Lalage!—and is it come to this?
Thy servant-maid!—but courage!—'tis but a viper,
Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul.

[*Taking up the mirror.*

Ha! here at least's a friend—too much a friend
In earlier days—a friend will not deceive thee.
Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)
A tale—a pretty tale—and heed thou not,
Though it be rife with woe. It answers me.
It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,
And beauty long deceased; remembers me
Of joy departed—hope, the seraph hope,
Inurnèd and entombed; now in a tone
Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,
Whispers of early grave untimely yawning
For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true!—thou liest
not;

Thou hast no end to gain, no heart to break;
Castiglione lied, who said he loved:
Thou true, he false!—false!—false!

[While she speaks, a Monk enters her apartment, and approaches unobserved.]

Monk. Refuge thou hast,
Sweet daughter, in heaven. Think of eternal things;
Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray.

Lal. (arising hurriedly) I cannot pray. My soul is
at war with God.

The frightful sounds of merriment below
Disturb my senses. Go, I cannot pray,
The sweet airs from the garden worry me.
Thy presence grieves me—go; thy priestly raiment

Fills me with dread, thy ebony crucifix
With horror and awe.

Monk. Think of thy precious soul.

Lal. Think of my early days; think of my father
And mother in heaven; think of our quiet home,
And the rivulet that ran before the door;
Think of my little sisters—think of them;
And think of me—think of my trusting love
And confidence—his vows—my ruin;—think, think
Of my unspeakable misery.—Begone.
Yet, stay,—yet, stay. What was it thou saidst of
prayer
And penitence? Didst thou not speak of faith
And vows before the throne?

Monk. I did.

Lal. 'Tis well.

There *is* a vow where fitting should be made—
A sacred vow, imperative and urgent,—
A solemn vow!

Monk. Daughter, this zeal is well.

Lal. Father, this zeal is anything but well.
Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing?
A crucifix whereon to register
This sacred vow? [*He hands her his own.*
Not that! O, no! no! no!— [*Shuddering.*
Not that!—not that! I tell thee, holy man,
Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me;

Stand back: I have a crucifix myself—
I have a crucifix. Methinks 'twere fitting
 The deed, the vow, the symbol of the deed,
 And the deed's register, should tally, father.

[*Draws a cross-handled dagger, and raises it on high.*]

Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine
 Is written in heaven.

Monk. Thy words are madness, daughter,
 And speak a purpose unholy; thy lips are livid—
 Thine eyes are wild; tempt not the wrath divine.
 Pause, ere too late. O, be not—be not rash;
 Swear not the oath—O, swear it not!

Lal.

'Tis sworn.

III. '.

An Apartment in a Palace. POLITIAN and BALDAZZAR.

Bal. Arouse thee now, Politian;
 Thou must not—nay, indeed, indeed, thou shalt not
 Give way unto these humours. Be thyself;
 Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,
 And live, for now thou diest.

Pol.

Not so, Baldazzar.

Surely I live.

Bal. Politian, it doth grieve me
 To see thee thus.

Pol.

Baldazzar, it doth grieve me

To give thee cause for grief, my honoured friend.
Command me, sir. What wouldst thou have me do ?
At thy behest I will shake off that nature
Which from my forefathers I did inherit,
Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,
And be no more Politian, but some other.
Command me, sir.

Bal. To the field, then—to the field;
To the senate or the field.

Pol. Alas, alas !
There is an imp would follow me even there ;
There is an imp *hath* followed me even there !
There is—what voice was that ?

Bal. I heard it not.
I heard not any voice except thine own,
And the echo of thine own.

Pol. Then I but dreamed.

Bal. Give not thy soul to dreams: the camp—the
court
Befit thee; fame awaits thee—glory calls;
And her, the trumpet-tongued, thou wilt not hear
In hearkening to imaginary sounds
And phantom voices.

Pol. It *is* a phantom voice :
Didst thou not hear it *then* ?

Bal. I heard it not.

Pol. Thou heardst it not ! Baldazzar, speak no
more

'To me, Politian, of thy camps and courts.
 O, I am sick, sick, sick, even unto death,
 Of the hollow and high-sounding vanities
 Of the populous earth. Bear with me yet awhile.
 We have been boys together—schoolfellows,
 And now are friends, yet shall not be so long;
 For in the Eternal City thou shalt do me
 A kind and gentle office, and a power—
 A power august, benignant, and supreme—
 Shall then absolve thee of all further duties
 Unto thy friend.

Bal. Thou speakest a fearful riddle
 I *will* not understand.

Pol. Yet now, as fate
 Approaches, and the hours are breathing low,
 The sands of time are changed to golden grains,
 And dazzle me, Baldazzar. Alas, alas,
 I *cannot* die, having within my heart
 So keen a relish for the beautiful
 As hath been kindled within it! Methinks the air
 Is balmier now than it was wont to be;
 Rich melodies are floating in the winds;
 A rarer loveliness bedecks the earth,
 And with a holier lustre the quiet moon
 Sitteth in heaven.—Hist, hist; thou canst not say
 Thou hearest not *now*, Baldazzar.

Bal. Indeed, I hear not.

Pol. Not hear it! listen now—listen: the faintest
 sound,

And yet the sweetest, that ear ever heard :
A lady's voice—and sorrow in the tone,
Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell.
Again, again; how solemnly it falls
Into my heart of hearts! that eloquent voice
Surely I never heard: yet it were well
Had I *but* heard it with its thrilling tones
In earlier days.

Bal. I myself hear it now.
Be still. The voice, if I mistake not greatly,
Proceeds from yonder lattice, which you may see
Very plainly through the window. It belongs—
Does it not?—unto this palace of the duke:
The singer is undoubtedly beneath
The roof of his excellency, and perhaps
Is even that Alessandra of whom he spoke
As the betrothed of Castiglione,
His son and heir.

Pol. Be still:—it comes again.

Voice (very faintly).

And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus,
Who hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay—say nay!

Bal. The song is English, and I oft have heard it
In merry England,—never so plaintively.
Hist, hist; it comes again.

Voice (more loudly).

Is it so strong
As for to leave me thus,
Who hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay—say nay!

Bal. 'Tis hushed, and all is still.

Pol. All is *not* still.

Bal. Let us go down.

Fol. Go down, Baldazzar.—go.

Bal. The hour is growing late—the duke awaits
us,—

Thy presence is expected in the hall
Below.—What ails thee, Earl Politian?

Voice (distinctly).

Who hath loved thee so long.
In wealth and woe among,
And is thy heart so strong?
Say nay—say nay!

Bal. Let us descend;—'tis time. Politian, give
These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,

Your bearing lately savoured much of rudeness
Unto the duke. Arouse thee, and remember.

Pol. Remember! I do. Lead on. I *do* remember. [*Going.*]

Let us descend. Believe me, I would give,
Freely would give, the broad lands of my earldom
To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice,—
“To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear
Once more that silent tongue.”

Bal. Let me beg you, sir,
Descend with me; the duke may be offended.
Let us go down, I pray you.

Voice (loudly).

“*Say nay—say nay!*”

Pol. (aside) 'Tis strange,—'tis very strange! Me-
thought the voice
Chimed in with my desires, and bade me stay.

[Approaching the window.]

Sweet voice, I heed thee, and will surely stay.
Now be this fancy, by heaven, or be it fate,
Still will I not descend. Baldazzar, make
Apology unto the duke for me:
I go not down to-night.

Bal. Your lordship's pleasure
Shall be attended to. Good night, Politian.

Pol. Good night, my friend, good night.



IV.

The Gardens of a Palace—Moonlight. LALAGE and POLITIAN.

Lal. And dost thou speak of love
To *me*, Politian?—dost thou speak of love
To Lalage?—Ah, woe—ah, woe is me!
This mockery is most cruel—most cruel indeed.

Pol. Weep not; O, sob not thus: thy bitter tears
Will madden me. O, mourn not, Lalage:

Be comforted. I know—I know it all,
 And *still* I speak of love. Look at me, brightest,
 And beautiful Lalage,—turn here thine eyes.
 Thou askest me if I could speak of love,
 Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen.
 Thou askest me that—and thus I answer thee—
 Thus on my bended knee I answer thee— [*Kneeling.*
 Sweet Lalage, *I love thee—love thee—love thee;*
 Thro' good and ill—thro' weal and woe, I love thee.
 Not mother, with her first-born on her knee,
 Thrills with intenser love than I for thee.
 Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,
 Burned there a holier fire than burneth now
 Within my spirit for *thee*. And do I love? [*Arising.*
 Even for thy woes I love thee—even for thy woes—
 Thy beauty and thy woes.

Lal. Alas, proud earl,
 Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me.
 How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens
 Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,
 Could the dishonoured Lalage abide?
 Thy wife, and with a tainted memory—
 My seared and blighted name, how would it tally
 With the ancestral honours of thy house,
 And with thy glory?

Pol. Speak not to me of glory.
 I hate—I loathe the name; I do abhor,
 The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.

Art thou not Lalage, and I Politian?
Do I not love?—art thou not beautiful?—
What need we more? Ha, glory!—now speak not
of it.

By all I hold most sacred and most solemn—
By all my wishes now, my fears hereafter—
By all I scorn on earth, and hope in heaven—
There is no deed I would more glory in,
Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory,
And trample it under foot. What matters it—
What matters it, my fairest and my best,
That we go down unhonoured and forgotten
Into the dust, so we descend together?
Descend together; and then — and then, per-
chance —

Lal. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

Pol. And then, perchance,
Arise together, Lalage, and roam
The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest,
And still—

Lal. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

Pol. And still *together—together*.

Lal. Now, Earl of Leicester,
Thou lovest me, and in my heart of hearts
I feel thou lovest me truly.

Pol. O Lalage. [*Throwing himself upon his knee.*
And lovest thou *me*?

Lal. Hist, hush; within the gloom

Of yonder trees methought a figure passed—
A spectral figure, solemn and slow and noiseless—
Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and noise-
less. [*Walks across and returns.*

I was mistaken; 'twas but a giant bough
Stirred by the autumn wind. Politian!

Pol. My Lalage—my love, why art thou moved?
Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience' self,
Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,
Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night-
wind

Is chilly, and these melancholy boughs
Throw over all things a gloom.

Lal. Politian,
Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land
With which all tongues are busy—a land new found—
Miraculously found by one of Genoa—
A thousand leagues within the golden west?
A fairy-land of flowers and fruit and sunshine,
And crystal lakes and over-arching forests,
And mountains, around whose towering summits the
winds

Of heaven untrammelled flow,—which air to breathe
Is happiness now, and will be freedom hereafter
In days that are to come?

Pol. O, wilt thou—wilt thou
Fly to that paradise, my Lalage,—wilt thou
Fly thither with me? There care shall be forgotten,

And sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all,
 And life shall then be mine, for I will live
 For thee and in thine eyes; and thou shalt be
 No more a mourner, but the radiant joys
 Shall wait upon thee, and the angel Hope
 Attend thee ever; and I will kneel to thee,
 And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,
 My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,
 My all! O, wilt thou, wilt thou, Lalage,
 Fly thither with me?

Lal. A deed is to be done—
 Castiglione lives.

Pol. And he shall die. [Exit.

Lal. (after a pause) And—he—shall—die.

Alas!

Castiglione die? Who spoke the words?
 Where am I? What was it he said?—Politian,
 Thou *art* not gone—thou art not *gone*, Politian;
 I *feel* thou art not gone—yet dare not look,
 Lest I behold thee not; thou *couldst* not go
 With those words upon thy lips. O, speak to me,
 And let me hear thy voice; one word—one word,
 To say thou art not gone,—one little sentence,
 To say how thou dost scorn—how thou dost hate
 My womanly weakness. Ha, ha! thou *art* not
 gone.

O, speak to me! I *knew* thou wouldst not go;
 I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, *durst* not go.

Villain, thou *art* not gone—thou mockest me!
And thus I clutch thee—thus!—He is gone, he is
gone—
Gone—gone! Where am I?—'Tis well—'tis very
well:
So that the blade be keen—the blow be sure,
'Tis well, 'tis very well. Alas, alas!

V.

The Suburbs. POLITIAN alone.

Pol. This weakness grows upon me. I am faint,
And much I fear me, ill. It will not do
To die ere I have lived.—Stay, stay thy hand,
O Azrael, yet awhile. Prince of the powers
Of darkness and the tomb, O, pity me!
O, pity me! let me not perish now,
In the budding of my paradisal hope!
Give me to live yet—yet a little while:
'Tis I who pray for life—I who so late
Demanded but to die!—What sayeth the count?

Enter BALDAZZAR.

Bal. That, knowing no cause of quarrel or of
feud
Between the Earl Politian and himself,

He doth decline your cartel.

Pol. *What* didst thou say?

What answer was it you brought me, good Baldazzar?

With what excessive fragrance the zephyr comes

Laden from yonder bowers!—a fairer day,

Or one more worthy Italy, methinks

No mortal eyes have seen.—*What* said the count?

Bal. That he, Castiglione, not being aware

Of any feud existing, or any cause

Of quarrel, between your lordship and himself,

Cannot accept the challenge.

Pol. It is most true—

All this is very true. When saw you, sir,—

When saw you now, Baldazzar, in the frigid

Ungential Britain, which we left so lately,

A heaven so calm as this—so utterly free

From the evil taint of clouds?—And he did *say*?—

Bal. No more, my lord, than I have told you, sir:

The Count Castiglione will not fight,

Having no cause for quarrel.

Pol. Now this is true—

All very true. Thou art my friend, Baldazzar,

And I have not forgotten it: thou 'lt do me

A piece of service. Wilt thou go back and say

Unto this man, that I, the Earl of Leicester,

Hold him a villain?—thus much, I prithee, say

Unto the count: it is exceeding just

He should have cause for quarrel.

Bal. My lord!—my friend!—

Pol. (aside) 'Tis he!—he comes himself! (*Aloud*)

Thou reasonest well.

I know what thou wouldst say—not send the message.

Well, I will think of it.—I will not send it.

Now, prithee, leave me: hither doth come a person

With whom affairs of a most private nature

I would adjust.

Bal. I go: to-morrow we meet—

Do we not?—at the Vatican.

Pol. At the Vatican.

[*Exit Baldazzar.*]

Enter CASTIGLIONE.

Cas. The Earl of Leicester here!

Pol. I *am* the Earl of Leicester, and thou seest—

Dost thou not?—that I am here.

Cas. My lord, some strange,

Some singular mistake—misunderstanding—

Hath, without doubt, arisen: thou hast been urged

Thereby, in heat of anger, to address

Some words most unaccountable, in writing,

To me, Castiglione; the bearer being

Baldazzar, Duke of Surrey. I am aware

Of nothing which might warrant thee in this thing,

Having given thee no offence. Ha!—am I right?

'Twas a mistake?—undoubtedly—we all

Do err at times.

Pol. Draw, villain, and prate no more!

Cas. Ha!—draw?—and villain? Have at thee,
then, at once,

Proud earl!

[*Draws.*

Pol. (drawing) Thus to the expiatory tomb
Untimely sepulchre, I do devote thee,
In the name of Lalage!

Cas. (letting fall his sword, and recoiling to the extremity of the stage) Of Lalage!

Hold off thy sacred hand!—Avaunt, I say!

Avaunt! I will not fight thee—indeed, I dare not.

Pol. Thou wilt not fight with me—didst say, Sir
Count?

Shall I be baffled thus?—now this is well.

Didst say thou *darest* not? ha!

Cas. I dare not—dare not:

Hold off thy hand. With that beloved name

So fresh upon thy lips, I will not fight thee:

I cannot—dare not.

Pol. Now, by my halidom,

I do believe thee;—coward, I do believe thee.

Cas. Ha!—coward!—this may not be.

[*Clutches his sword and staggers toward Politian;
but his purpose is changed before reaching him,
and he falls upon his knee at the feet of the earl.*

Alas! my lord,

It is—it is most true. In such a cause

I am the veriest coward. O, pity me

Pol. (*greatly softened*) Alas! I do; indeed I pity thee.

Cas. And Lalage—

Pol. Scoundrel, arise, and die!

Cas. It needeth not be: thus—thus—O, let me die

Thus on my bended knee. It were most fitting
That in this deep humiliation I perish.
For in the fight I will not raise a hand
Against thee, Earl of Leicester. Strike thou home.

[*Baring his bosom*

Here is no let or hindrance to thy weapon;
Strike home. I *will not* fight thee.

Pol. Now, 'sdeath and hell!

Am I not—am I not sorely, grievously tempted
To take thee at thy word? But, mark me, sir;
Think not to fly me thus. Do thou prepare
For public insult in the streets, before
The eyes of the citizens. I'll follow thee—
Like an avenging spirit I'll follow thee,
Even unto death. Before those whom thou lovest—
Before all Rome, I'll taunt thee, villain,—I'll taunt
thee—

Dost hear?—with *cowardice*! Thou *wilt not* fight me?
Thou liest, thou *shalt*! [Exit.

Cas. Now this, indeed, is just!

Most righteous and most just, avenging Heaven!

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.



A L A A R A A F.*

PART I.

OH, nothing earthly save the ray
(Thrown back from flowers) of beauty's eye,
As in those gardens where the day
Springs from the gems of Circassy;—

* A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe, which appeared suddenly in the heavens; attained in a few days a brilliancy surpassing that of Jupiter; then as suddenly disappeared, and has never been seen since.

Oh, nothing earthly save the thrill
Of melody in woodland rill,
Or (music of the passion-hearted)
Joy's voice so peacefully departed,
That, like the murmur in the shell,
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell;—
Oh, nothing of the dross of ours—
Yet all the beauty—all the flowers
That list our love, and deck our bowers—
Adorn yon world afar, afar—
The wandering star.

'Twas a sweet time for Nesace; for there
Her world lay lolling on the golden air,
Near four bright suns—a temporary rest—
An oasis in desert of the blest.
Away, away, 'mid seas of rays that roll
Empyrean splendour o'er th' unchainèd soul—
The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)
Can struggle to its destined eminence—
To distant spheres, from time to time she rode,
And late to ours, the favour'd one of God;
But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm,
She throws aside the sceptre—leaves the helm,
And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,
Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

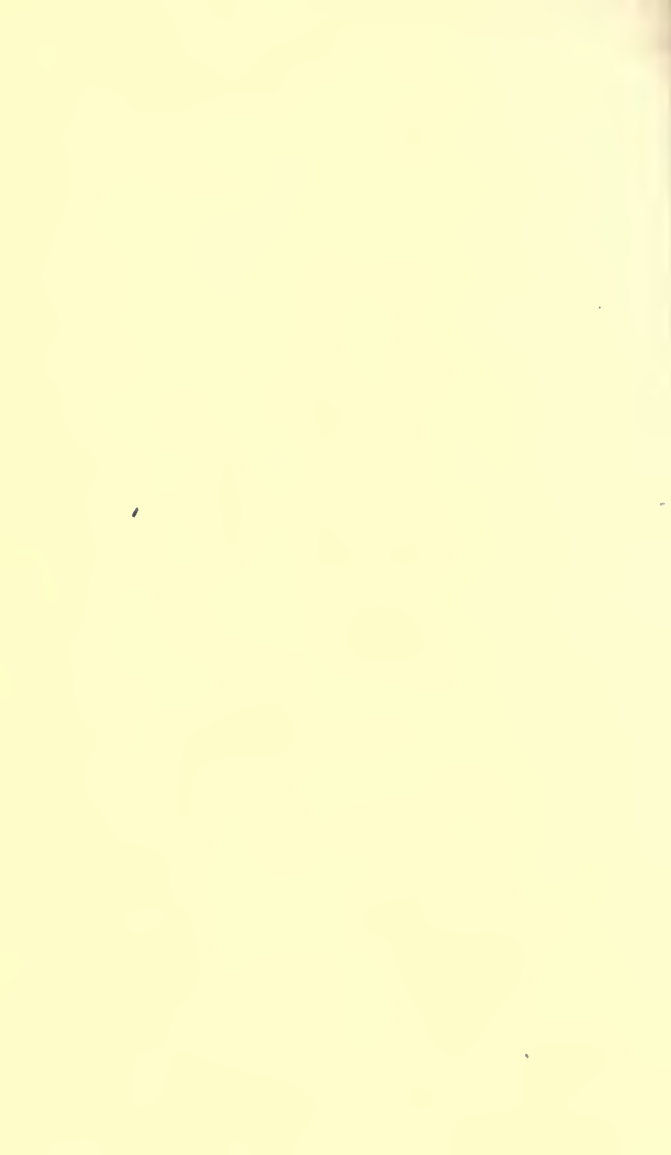
Now, happiest, loveliest in yon lovely earth,
Whence sprang the "idea of beauty" into birth



AL AARAAF.

"All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed
Of flowers: of lilies such as rear'd the head."

"The Sephalica, budding with young bees,
Uprear'd its purple stem around her knees."



(Falling in wreaths through many a startled star,
Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until afar
It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt),
She looked into infinity—and knelt.
Rich clouds for canopies about her curled—
Fit emblems of the model of her world—
Seen but in beauty—not impeding sight
Of other beauty glittering through the light;
A wreath that twined each starry form around,
And all the opaled air in colour bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed
Of flowers: of lilies such as reared the head
On the fair Capo Deucato,* and sprang
So eagerly around about to hang
Upon the flying footsteps of—deep pride—
Of her† who loved a mortal—and so died.
The Sephalica, budding with young bees,
Upreared its purple stem around her knees:
And gemmy flower,‡ of Trebizond misnamed,
Inmate of highest stars, where erst it shamed
All other loveliness: its honeyed dew
(The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)
Deliriously sweet, was dropped from heaven,
And fell on gardens of the unforgiven

* On Santa Maura—olim Deucadia.

† Sappho.

‡ This flower is much noticed by Leuwenhoek and Tournefort. The bee feeding upon its blossom becomes intoxicated.

In Trebizond; and on a sunny flower,
So like its own above, that, to this hour,
It still remaineth, torturing the bee
With madness and unwonted reverie:
In heaven and all its environs, the leaf
And blossom of the fairy plant, in grief
Disconsolate linger—grief that hangs her head,
Repenting follies that full long have fled,
Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,
Like guilty beauty, chastened, and more fair:
Nyctanthes, too, as sacred as the light
She fears to perfume, perfuming the night:
And Clytia* pondering between many a sun,
While pettish tears adown her petals run:
And that aspiring flower† that sprang on earth
And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,
Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing
Its way to heaven, from garden of a king:

* “Clytia—the *Chrysanthemum Peruvianum*, or, to employ a better-known term, the turnsol, which turns continually towards the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds, which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day.”—B. DE ST. PIERRE.

† “There is cultivated in the king’s garden at Paris, a species of serpentine aloes without prickles, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odour of the vanilla during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not blow till towards the month of July; you then perceive it gradually open its petals, expand them, fade, and die.”—ST. PIERRE.

And Valisnerian Lotus,* thither flown
 From struggling with the waters of the Rhone:
 And thy most lovely perfume, Zante!†
 Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!
 And the Nelumbo bud,‡ that floats for ever
 With Indian Cupid down the holy river—
 Fair flowers, and fairy! to whose care is given
 To bear the goddess' song in odours up to heaven.§

“Spirit that dwellest where,
 In the deep sky,
 The terrible and fair
 In beauty vie:
 Beyond the line of blue—
 The boundary of the star,
 Which turneth at the view
 Of thy barrier and thy bar—
 Of the barrier overgone
 By the comets who were cast
 From their pride and from their throne,
 To be drudges to the last—

* There is found in the Rhone a beautiful lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet, thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river.

† The hyacinth.

‡ It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges, and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood.

§ “And golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints.”—*Rev. of St. John.*

To be carriers of fire
 (The red fire of their heart)
 With speed that may not tire,
 And with pain that shall not part—
 Who livest—*that* we know—
 In eternity—we feel—
 But the shadow of whose brow
 What spirit shall reveal?
 Though the beings whom thy Nesace,
 Thy messenger hath known,
 Have dreamed for thy infinity
 A model of their own ;*
 Thy will is done, O God !
 The star hath ridden high
 Through many a tempest, but she rode
 Beneath thy burning eye ;
 And here, in thought, to thee—
 In thought that can alone

* The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form.—*Vide* CLARKE'S *Sermons*, vol. i., p. 26, fol. edit.

“The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine; but it will be seen immediately that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the Church.”—DR. SUMNER'S *Notes on Milton's Christian Doctrine*.

This opinion, in spite of many testimonies to the contrary, could never have been very general. Andeus, a Syrian of Mesopotamia, was condemned for the opinion as heretical. He lived

Ascend thy empire and so be
 A partner of thy throne—
 By wingèd phantasy,*
 My embassy is given,
 Till secrecy shall knowledge be
 In the environs of heaven.”

She ceased, and buried then her burning cheek,
 Abashed, amid the lilies there, to seek
 A shelter from the fervour of His eye;
 For the stars trembled at the Deity.
 She stirred not, breathed not; for a voice was there,
 How solemnly pervading the calm air!
 A sound of silence on the startled ear,
 Which dreamy poets name “the music of the sphere.”
 Ours is a world of words; quiet we call
 “Silence,” which is the merest word of all.

in the beginning of the fourth century. His disciples were called Anthropomorphites.—*Vide DU PIN.*

* Among Milton's minor poems are these lines:—

“Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum Dææ, &c.
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus?
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo
 Unusque et universus exemplar Dei.”

And afterwards,—

“Non qui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu,” &c.

“Seltsamen Tochter Jovis
 Seinem Schosskinde
 Der Phantasie.”—GOETHE.

All nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things
Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings;
But ah! not so when thus in realms on high
The eternal voice of God is passing by,
And the red winds are withering in the sky.

“What though in worlds which sightless* cycles
run,

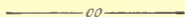
Linked to a little system and one sun—
Where all my life is folly, and the crowd
Still think my terrors but the thunder-cloud,
The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean wrath,
(Ah! will they cross me in my angrier path?)
What though in worlds which own a single sun
The sands of time grow dimmer as they run,
Yet thine is my resplendency, so given
To bear my secrets through the upper heaven.
Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly
With all thy train athwart the moony sky—
Apart—like fire-flies in Sicilian night,†
And wing to other worlds another light!
Divulge the secrets of thy embassy
To the proud orbs that twinkle—and so be

* “Sightless: too small to be seen.”—LEGGE.

† I have often noticed a peculiar movement of the fire-flies; they will collect in a body, and fly off, from a common centre, into innumerable radii.

To every heart a barrier and a ban,
Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!"

Uprose the maiden in the yellow night,
The single-moonèd eve; on earth we plight
Our faith to one love, and one moon adore:
The birthplace of young beauty had no more.
As sprung that yellow star from downy hours,
Uprose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,
And bent o'er sheeny mountain and dim plain
Her way, but left not yet her Therasæan reign.*



PART II.

HIGH on a mountain of enamelled head—
Such as the drowsy shepherd, on his bed
Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,
Raising his heavy eyelids, starts and sees,
With many a muttered "hope to be forgiven,"
What time the moon is quadrated in heaven—
Of rosy head, that, towering far away
Into the sunlight ether, caught the ray

* Therasæa, or Therasea, the island mentioned by Seneca, which, in a moment, arose from the sea to the eyes of astonished mariners.

Of sunken suns at eve—at noon of night,
 While the moon danced with the fair stranger light,
 Upreared upon such height arose a pile
 Of gorgeous columns on th' unburdened air.



Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
 Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
 And nursled the young mountain in its lair.
 Of molten stars their pavement,* such as fall
 Through the ebon air, besilvering the pail

* "Some star which from the ruined roof
 Of shaken Olympus, by mischance, did fall."—MILTON.

Of their own dissolution, while they die—
 Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.
 A dome, by linkèd light from heaven let down,
 Sat gently on these columns as a crown;
 A window of one circular diamond, there,
 Looked out above into the purple air;
 And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
 And hallowed all the beauty twice again,—
 Save when between th' empyrean and that ring
 Some eager spirit flapped his dusky wing.
 But on the pillars seraph eyes have seen
 The dimness of this world: that grayish green
 That Nature loves the best for beauty's grave
 Lurked in each cornice, round each architrave,
 And every sculptured cherub thereabout,
 That from his marbled dwelling peerèd out,
 Seemed earthly in the shadow of his niche—
 Achaian statues in a world so rich?
 Friezes from Tadmore and Persepolis,*
 From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss
 Of beautiful Gomorrah? Oh, the wave†
 Is now upon thee—but too late to save! *

* Voltaire, in speaking of Persepolis, says,—“Je connois bien l'admiration qu'inspirent ces ruines; mais un palais érigé au pied d'une chaîne des rochers sterils, peut-il être un chef-d œuvre des arts?”

† “Oh, the wave!” Ula Deguisi is the Turkish appellation—but on its own shores it is called Bahar Loth, or Almotanah.

Sound loves to revel in a summer night:
 Witness the murmur of the gray twilight
 That stole upon the ear in Eyraco,*
 Of many a wild star-gazer long ago,
 That stealeth ever on the ear of him
 Who musing gazeth on the distance dim,
 And sees the darkness coming as a cloud—
 Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and loud? †

But what is this?—it cometh—and it brings
 A music with it: 'tis the rush of wings!
 A pause—and then a sweeping, falling strain,
 And Nesace is in her halls again.
 From the wild energy of wanton haste
 Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart;

There were undoubtedly more than two cities engulfed in the Dead Sea. In the valley of Sidim were five: Adrah, Zeboin, Zoar, Sodom, and Gomorrah. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo thirteen (engulfed); but the last is out of all reason.

It is said [Tacitus, Strabo, Josephus, Daniel of St. Saba, Nau, Maundrell, Troilo, D'Arvieux] that, after an excessive drought, the vestiges of columns, walls, &c., are seen above the surface. At *any* season, such remains may be discovered by looking down into the transparent lake, and at such distances as would argue the existence of many settlements in the space now usurped by the "asphaltites."

* Eyraco—Chaldea.

† I have often thought I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.

And zone that clung around her gentle waist
Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.
Within the centre of that hall to breathe
She paused and panted, Zanthé! all beneath
The fairy light that kissed her golden hair,
And longed to rest, yet could but sparkle there!

Young flowers were whispering in melody*
To happy flowers that night, and tree to tree;
Fountains were gushing music as they fell
In many a star-lit grove or moon-lit dell:
Yet silence came upon material things,
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls, and angel wings,
And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
Bore burden to the charm the maiden sang:

“’Neath blue-bell or streamer,
Or tufted wild spray
That keeps from the dreamer
The moonbeam away,†

* “Fairies use flowers for their charactery.” —*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

† In Scripture is this passage,—“The sun shall not harm thee by day, nor the moon by night.” It is perhaps not generally known, that the moon, in Egypt, has the effect of producing blindness to those who sleep with the face exposed to its rays; to which circumstance the passage evidently alludes.

Bright beings that ponder,
 With half-closing eyes,
On the stars which your wonder
 Hath drawn from the skies,
Till they glance through the shade, and
 Come down to your brow,
Like eyes of the maiden
 Who calls on you now.
Arise! from your dreaming
 In violet bowers,
To duty beseeching
 These star-litten hours;
And shake from your tresses,
 Encumbered with dew,
The breath of those kisses
 That cumber them too
(Oh, how without you, love,
 Could angels be blest?)—
Those kisses of true love
 That lulled ye to rest!
Up! shake from your wing
Each hindering thing:
The dew of the night—
It would weigh down your flight;
And true love caresses—
 Oh, leave them apart!
They are light on the tresses,
 But lead on the heart.

“Ligeia, Ligeia,
My beautiful one !
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run.



Oh, is it thy will
On the breezes to toss ;
Or, capriciously still,
Like the lone albatross,*

* The albatross is said to sleep on the wing.

Incumbent on night
 (As she on the air),
To keep watch with delight
 On the harmony there !
“ Ligeia ! wherever
 Thy image may be,
No magic shall sever
 Thy music from thee.
Thou hast bound many eyes
 In a dreamy sleep,
But the strains still arise
 Which *thy* vigilance keep ;
The sound of the rain
 Which leaps down to the flower,
And dances again,
 In the rhythm of the shower ;
The murmur that springs *
 From the growing of grass—
Are the music of things—
 But are modelled, alas !
Away, then, my dearest,
 Oh, hie thee away
To springs that lie clearest
 Beneath the moonray,—

* I met with this idea in an old English tale, which I am now unable to obtain, and quote from memory:—“The verie essence and, as it were, springheade and origine of all musiche is the very pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe.”

To lone lake that smiles,
 In its dream of deep rest,
 At the many star-isles
 That enjewel its breast;
 Where wild flowers creeping
 Have mingled their shade,
 On its margin is sleeping
 Full many a maid;
 Some have left the cool glade, and
 Have slept with the bee;*
 Arouse them, my maiden,
 On moorland and lea;
 Go! breathe on their slumber,
 All softly in ear,
 The musical number
 They slumbered to hear:
 For what can awaken
 An angel so soon,
 Whose sleep hath been taken
 Beneath the cold moon,

* The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight.
 The rhyme in this verse, as in one about sixty lines before,
 has an appearance of affectation. It is, however, imitated from
 Sir W. Scott, or rather from Claude Halcro, in whose mouth I
 admired its effect:—

“Oh, were there an island,
 Though ever so wild,
 Where woman might smile, and
 No man be beguiled,” &c.

As the spell which no slumber
Of witchery may test,
The rhythmical number
Which lulled him to rest ?”

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,
A thousand seraphs burst th’ empyrean through,
Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight,
Seraphs in all but “knowledge,” the keen light
That fell refracted, through thy bounds afar,
O Death ! from eye of God upon that star :
Sweet was that error—sweeter still that death—
Sweet was that error—ev’n with *us* the breath
Of Science dims the mirror of our joy—
To them ’twere the simoom, and would destroy ;
For what (to them) availeth it to know
That truth is falsehood, or that bliss is woe ?
Sweet was their death : with them to die was life
With the last ecstasy of satiate life ;
Beyond that death no immortality,
But sleep that pondereth, and is not “to be :”
And there—oh, may my weary spirit dwell !
Apart from heaven’s eternity—and yet how far from
hell !*

What guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,
Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn !

* With the Arabians there is a medium between heaven and hell, where men suffer no punishment, but yet do not obtain that

But two: they fell—for Heaven no grace imparts
 To those who hear not for their beating hearts.
 A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover—
 Oh, where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)
 Was Love the blind near sober Duty known?
 Unguided Love hath fallen, 'mid “tears of perfect
 moan.”*

He was a goodly spirit, he who fell:
 A wanderer by mossy-mantled well—
 A gazer on the lights that shine above—
 A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love:
 What wonder? for each star is eye-like there,
 And looks so sweetly down on beauty's hair;

tranquil and even happiness which they suppose to be characteristic of heavenly enjoyment.

“Un no rompido sueno,
 Un dia puro, alegre, libre,
 Quiera,
 Libre de amor, de zelo,
 De odio, de esperanza, de rezelo.”—LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

Sorrow is not excluded from “Al Aaraaf;” but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and which, in some minds, resembles the delirium of opium. The passionate excitement of love and the buoyancy of spirit attendant upon intoxication are its less holy pleasures,—the price of which, to those souls who make choice of Al Aaraaf as their residence after life, is final death and annihilation.

* “There be tears of perfect moan
 Wept for thee in Helicon.”—MILTON.

And they and ev'ry mossy spring were holy
To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.
The night had found (to him a night of woe)
Upon a mountain crag young Angelo;
Beetling it bends athwart the solemn sky,
And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it lie.
Here sate he with his love, his dark eye bent
With eagle gaze along the firmament:
Now turned it upon her, but ever then
It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

“Ianthe, dearest, see! how dim that ray!
How lovely 'tis to look so far away!
She seemed not thus upon that autumn eve
I left her gorgeous halls, nor mourned to leave.
That eve—that eve—I should remember well,
The sun-ray dropped in Lemnos with a spell
On th' arabesque carving of a gilded hall
Wherein I sat, and on the draperied wall,
And on my eyelids.—Oh, the heavy light,
How drowsily it weighed them into night!
On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran
With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan:
But, oh, that light!—I slumbered. Death the while
Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle,
So softly that no single silken hair
Awoke that slept, or knew that he was there.



AL AARAAF.

"Ianthe, dearest, see! how dim that ray!"



'The last spot of earth's orb I trod upon
Was a proud temple called the Parthenon : *
More beauty clung around her columned wall
Than ev'n thy glowing bosom beats withal. †
And when old Time my wing did disenthral,
Thence sprang I, as the eagle from his tower,
And years I left behind me in an hour.

* It was entire in 1687, the most elevated spot in Athens.

† "Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love."

MARLOWE.

SONNET—TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE, true daughter of old Time thou art,
 Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
 Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
 Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
 How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise
 Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
 To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
 Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
 Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,
 And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
 To seek a shelter in some happier star?
 Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
 The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
 The summer dream beneath the tamarind-tree?

TAMERLANE.

I.

KIND solace in a dying hour !
 Such, father, is not now my theme—
 I will not madly deem thy power
 Of earth may shrive me of the sin
 Unearthly pride hath revelled in—
 I have no time to dote or dream :
 You call it hope, that fire of fire,—
 It is but agony of desire :
 If I *can* hope—O God, I can—
 Its fount is holier, more divine :
 I would not call thee fool, old man,
 But such is not a gift of thine.*

II.

Know thou the secret of a spirit
 Bowed from its wild pride into shame.
 O yearning heart, I did inherit
 Thy withering portion with the fame.

* Here we have traces enough of the influences of Byronism on the poet's youth. Those were the days when the "teeth-grinding, glass-eyed lone Caloyer," to use CARLYLE'S words, was the ideal of the rising generation.—ED.

The searing glory which hath shone
Amid the jewels of my throne,
Halo of hell ! and with a pain
Not hell shall make me fear again.
O craving heart, for the lost flowers
And sunshine of my summer hours !
The undying voice of that dead time,
With its interminable chime,
Rings, in the spirit of a spell,
Upon thy emptiness—a knell.

III.

I have not always been as now :
The fevered diadem on my brow
 I claimed and won usurpingly.
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given
 Rome to the Cæsar, this to me ?
 The heritage of a kingly mind
And a proud spirit which hath striven
 Triumphantly with humankind.

IV.

On mountain soil I first drew life :
 The mists of the Taglay have shed
 Nightly their dues upon my head ;
And, I believe, the wingèd strife
And tumult of the headlong air
Have nestled in my very hair.

V.

So late from heaven—that dew—it fell
('Mid dreams of an unholy night)
Upon me with the touch of hell;
While the red flashing of the light
From clouds that hung, like banners, o'er,
Appeared to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy;
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar
Came hurriedly upon me, telling
Of human battle, where my voice,
My own voice, silly child! was swelling
(Oh, how my spirit would rejoice,
And leap within me at the cry!)
The battle-cry of victory!

VI.

The rain came down upon my head
Unsheltered; and the heavy wind
Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.
It was but man, I thought, who shed
Laurels upon me; and the rush,
The torrent of the chilly air,
Gurgled within my ear the crush
Of empires—with the captive's prayer,
The hum of suitors, and the tone
Of flattery round a sovereign's throne.

VII.

My passions, from that hapless hour,
Usurped a tyranny which men
Have deemed, since I have reached to power,
My innate nature—be it so :
But, father, there lived one who then,—
Then, in my boyhood, when their fire
Burned with a still intenser glow
(For passion must with youth expire),
E'en *then*, who knew this iron heart
In woman's weakness had a part.

VIII.

I have no words, alas, to tell
The loveliness of loving well !
Nor would I now attempt to trace
The more than beauty of a face
Whose lineaments upon my mind
Are shadows on the unstable wind :
Thus I remember having dwelt
Some page of early lore upon,
With loitering eye, till I have felt
The letters, with their meaning, melt
To fantasies—with none.

IX.

Oh, she was worthy of all love !—
Love, as in infancy, was mine,—

'Twas such as angel minds above
Might envy; her young heart the shrine
On which my ev'ry hope and thought
Were incense: then a goodly gift,
For they were childish and upright,
Pure as her young example taught:
Why did I leave it, and, adrift,
Trust to the fire within for light?

X.

We grew in age and love together,
Roaming the forest and the wild;
My breast her shield in wintry weather;
And, when the friendly sunshine smiled,
And she would mark the opening skies,
I saw no heaven but in her eyes.

XI.

Young Love's first lesson is the heart;
For 'mid that sunshine and those smiles,
When, from our little cares apart,
And laughing at her girlish wiles,
I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears—
There was no need to speak the rest—
No need to quiet any fears
Of her, who asked no reason why,
But turned on me her quiet eye.

XII.

Yet *more* than worthy of the love
My spirit struggled with, and strove,
When, on the mountain-peak alone,
Ambition lent it a new tone.

XIII.

I had no being but in thee :
The world, and all it did contain
In the earth, the air, the sea,
Its joy—its little lot of pain
That was new pleasure, the ideal,
Dim, vanities of dreams by night,
And dimmer nothings which were real—
(Shadows, and a more shadowy light,)
Parted upon their misty wings,
And so, confusedly, became
Thine image and a name—a name !
Two separate, yet most intimate things.

XIV.

I was ambitious—have you known
The passion, father ? You have not :
A cottager, I marked a throne
Of half the world as all my own,
And murmured at such lowly lot—

But, just like any other dream,
Upon the vapour of the dew
My own had past, did not the beam
Of beauty, which did while it through
The minute, the hour, the day, oppress
My mind with double loveliness ?



XV.

We walked together on the crown
Of a high mountain, which looked down,
Afar from its proud natural towers,
Of rock and forest, on the hills—
The dwindled hills—begirt with bowers,
And shouting with a thousand rills.

XVI.

I spoke to her of power and pride,
But mystically, in such guise
That she might deem it naught beside
The moment's converse; in her eyes
I read, perhaps too carelessly,
A mingled feeling with my own;
The flush on her bright cheek to me
Seemed to become a queenly throne,
Too well that I should let it be
Light in the wilderness alone.

XVII.

I wrapped myself in grandeur then,
And donned a visionary crown;
Yet it was not that Fantasy
Had thrown her mantle over me;
But that, among the rabble, men,
Lion ambition is chained down,
And crouches to a keeper's hand;
Not so in deserts, where the grand,
The wild, the terrible conspire
With their own breath to fan his fire.

XVIII.

Look round thee now on Samarcand!—
Is she not queen of earth? her pride
Above all cities? in her hand
Their destinies? in all beside

Of glory which the world hath known,
Stands she not nobly and alone?
Falling, her veriest stepping-stone
Shall form the pedestal of a throne;
And who her sovereign? Timour! he
Whom the astonished people saw
Striding o'er empires haughtily,
A diademed outlaw!

XIX.

O human love! thou spirit given
On earth of all we hope in heaven;
Which fall'st into the soul like rain
Upon the Siroc-withered plain,
And, failing in thy power to bless,
But leav'st the heart a wilderness;
Idea, which bindest life around
With music of so strange a sound,
And beauty of so wild a birth—
Farewell! for I have won the earth.

XX.

When Hope, the eagle that towered, could see
No cliff beyond him in the sky,
His pinions were bent droopingly,
And homeward turned his softened eye.
'Twas sunset: when the sun will part
There comes a sullenness of heart

To him who still would look upon
The glory of the summer sun.
That soul will hate the evening mist,
So often lovely, and will list
To the sound of the coming Darkness (known
To those whose spirits hearken) as one
Who in a dream of night *would* fly,
But *cannot*, from a danger nigh.

XXI.

What though the moon—the white moon—
Shed all the splendour of her noon;
Her smile is chilly, and *her* beam,
In that time of dreariness, will seem
(So like, you gather in your breath)
A portrait taken after death.
And boyhood is a summer sun,
Whose waning is the dreariest one;
For all we live to know is known,
And all we seek to keep hath flown;
Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall
With the noonday beauty—which is all.

XXII.

I reached my home—my home no more;
For all had flown who made it so.
I passed from out its mossy door,
And, though my tread was soft and low,

A voice came from the threshold stone
Of one whom I had earlier known—

Oh, I defy thee, Hell, to show,
On beds of fire that burn below,
An humbler heart, a deeper woe.

XXIII.

Father, I firmly do believe—

I *know*—for death who comes for me
From regions of the blest afar,
Where there is nothing to deceive,
Hath left his iron gate ajar,
And rays of truth you cannot see
Are flashing through eternity,—
I do believe that Eblis hath
A snare in every human path;
Else how, when in the holy grove
I wandered, of the idol, Love,
Who daily scents his snowy wings
With incense of burnt-offerings
From the most unpolluted things,
Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
Above with trellised rays from heaven,
No mote may shun, no tiniest fly,
The lightning of his eagle eye;—
How was it that Ambition crept,
Unseen, amid the revels there,
Till, growing bold, he laughed and leapt
In the tangles of Love's very hair?

TO THE RIVER —

I.

FAIR River, in thy bright clear flow
 Of crystal wandering water,
 Thou art an emblem of the glow
 Of beauty, the unhidden heart—
 The playful mazziness of art
 In old Alberto's daughter.

II.

But when within thy wave she looks,
 Which glistens then and trembles,
 Why, then the prettiest of brooks
 Her worshipper resembles;
 For in his heart, as in thy stream,
 Her image deeply lies—
 His heart, which trembles at the beam
 Of her soul-searching eyes.

TO ——.
 ————

I.

THE bowers, whereat, in dreams, I see
 The wantonest singing birds,
 Are lips, and all thy melody
 Of lip-begotten words.

II.

Thine eyes, in heaven of heart enshrined,
 Then desolately fall,
 O God ! on my funereal mind
 Like starlight on a pall.

III.

Thy heart—*thy* heart !—I wake and sigh,
 And sleep to dream till day
 Of the truth that gold can never buy—
 Of the baubles that it may.

*

A DREAM.

I.

In visions of the dark night,
I have dreamed of joy departed;
But a waking dream of life and light
Hath left me broken-hearted.

II.

Ah! what is not a dream by day
To him whose eyes are cast
On things around him with a ray
Turned back upon the past?

III.

That holy dream—that holy dream,
While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
A lonely spirit guiding.

IV.

What though that light, through storm and night,
So trembled from afar ;
What could there be more purely bright
In Truth's day-star ?





THE LAKE.

TO ———.

I.

IN spring of youth it was my lot
To haunt of the wild world a spot,
The which I could not love the less,
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that towered around.

II.

But when the Night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the mystic wind went by,
Murmuring in melody;
Then, ah, then, I would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.

III.

Yet that terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight;
A feeling not the jewelled mine
Could teach or bribe me to define,
Nor love—although the love were thine.

IV.

Death was in that poisonous wave,
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining—
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.

ROMANCE.

ROMANCE, who loves to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet
Hath been—a most familiar bird—
Taught me my alphabet to say,
To lisp my very earliest word,
While in the wild wood I did lie,
A child with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal condor years
So shake the very heaven on high
With tumult as they thunder by,
I have no time for idle cares
Through gazing on the unquiet sky;



And when an hour with calmer wings
Its down upon my spirit flings,
That little time with lyre and rhyme
To while away—forbidden things!
My heart would feel to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the strings.

F A I R Y - L A N D .

DIM vales, and shadowy floods,
 And cloudy-looking woods,
 Whose forms we can't discover
 For the tears that drip all over;
 Huge moons there wax and wane—
 Again, again, again—
 Every moment of the night,
 For ever changing places;
 And they put out the star-light
 With the breath from their pale faces,
 About twelve by the moon-dial.
 One more filmy than the rest
 (A kind which, upon trial,
 They have found to be the best)
 Comes down—still down—and down
 With its centre on the crown
 Of a mountain's eminence;
 While its wide circumference
 In easy drapery falls
 Over hamlets, over halls,
 Wherever they may be—
 O'er the strange woods, o'er the sea.



FAIRY-LAND.

"Dim vales, and shadowy floods."

Over spirits on the wing,
Over every drowsy thing—
And buries them up quite
In a labyrinth of light;
And then, how deep !—oh, deep
Is the passion of their sleep !
In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering
Is soaring in the skies,
With the tempests as they toss
Like—almost anything—
Or a yellow albatross.
They use that moon no more.
For the same end as before—
Videlicet a tent—
Which I think extravagant :
Its atomies, however,
Into a shower dissever,
Of which those butterflies
Of earth, who seek the skies,
And so come down again,
(Never-contented things !)
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings.

S O N G.

I.

I SAW thee on thy bridal day,
When a burning blush came o'er thee ;
Though happiness around thee lay,
The world all love before thee :

II.

And in thine eye a kindling light
(Whatever it might be)
Was all on earth my aching sight
Of loveliness could see.

III.

That blush perhaps was maiden shame,
As such it well may pass,
Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame
In the breast of him, alas,

IV.

Who saw thee on that bridal day,
When that deep blush *would* come o'er thee;
Though happiness around thee lay,
The world all love before thee.

TO M. L. S. —.

OF all who hail thy presence as the morning—
 Of all to whom thine absence is the night—
 The blotting utterly from out high heaven
 The sacred sun—of all who, weeping, bless thee
 Hourly for hope—for life—ah, above all,
 For the resurrection of deep buried faith
 In truth, in virtue, in humanity—
 Of all who, on despair's unhallowed bed
 Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen
 At thy soft-murmured words, "Let there be light!"
 At thy soft-murmured words that were fulfilled
 In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes—
 Of all who owe thee most, whose gratitude
 Nearest resembles worship,—oh, remember
 The truest, the most fervently devoted,
 And think that these weak lines are written by him—
 By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think
 His spirit is communing with an angel's.

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand !
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land !

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